Rough Night

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Rough Night

by bbongsuni

Summary

Two-shot....maybe more. April goes on a terrible date, and goes to Raphael for comfort afterwards. Sometimes, it's nice to have brothers.

Notes

This is a re-vamped one shot that I found in my personal collection from years ago. Made some edits after going through something similar lately, and I was feeling too antsy to get it up, so this will be in two parts. Love me some catharsis. Enjoy the first! :)

Trigger warning: sexual assault heavily implied, if not explicitly referenced.

Chapter 1: Part 1

April kept her head down as she entered the lair. The lair was silent, save for the tv quietly going in the corner. Leonardo sat on the couch, staring intently at the tv, and Mikey sat next to him, splayed out across the remainder of the couch. He hadn't looked up, and from the mild gunshot-adjacent sound coming from that corner of the room, it was safe to assume that he was asleep. April tried to quiet her panicked breathing and heavy sobs, just enough to make it past him into the bathroom. *That's all I need,* April thought. *Just five minutes alone and I'll be okay*.

April fought the rising panic in her throat. She thought back to less than an hour ago, remembering the way Caleb felt on top of her, the way she had cried and it hadn't made any difference. The fear in her stomach that hadn't dissipated yet. *It's okay. You're out now. You're safe with the guys, you know that, April. Just make it to the bathroom, and you'll be able to refresh.*

April tugged at the flannel she'd swiped from his apartment before she booked it. Suddenly she was feeling exposed, on display. Pulling it tighter around herself, she tiptoed behind the couch, silent, and was making good progress until -

"Hiya, April!" She whirled around to see Donnie passing by with an armful of random tech, and her hands automatically flew up to her face, covering her blotchy skin and red eyes. *Of course.* April sidled past Donnie, uttering a quick "Hey, Donnie! I just need a second, I'll be right back, " that sounded a bit too hysterical for her liking. With her back to Donnie, April reached for the bathroom door - only to be stopped midair by an all-too familiar green hand.

"Donnie, really, just a minute! It's…lady problems!" April chuckled nervously. She gestured behind her to the bathroom, but Donnie held her wrist firm. His grip was gentle, though she knew there was no escaping until he let her. April resisted the urge to pull her arm away - for the second time tonight, she was being held with no escape.

"Hey… Are you crying?" Donnie gripped her chin with his other hand, turning her face away from its scalding contact with the bathroom door. April inhaled, looking at him, trying to gain composure. Donnie's eyes were wide, searching her face for information. Taking a shaky breath, April tried to compose herself.

Out of the corner of her eye, Leo's head lifted from his place on the couch, and she saw his form rise slowly.

Donnie tugged at her wrist just once, but with enough force to pull her closer. His presence was warm and familiar, and exactly what April needed. It took all she had not to let her choked up sobs through right that second.

"What happened?" Donnie asked earnestly.

"Nothing, Donnie, it's nothing, I promise -"

“April,” said a voice from behind her. Leo. She had forgotten he was there. “What's going on?” He had an expression that was indescribable, just very very much Leo.

She sniffed and turned her face. “Nothing, nothing important. I just - I need to talk with Raph.”

No one responded, but April saw Donnie and Leo exchange a glance. They were obviously concerned, but April was in no state to offer an explanation. Leo nodded once, and said simply “He’s in the dojo.”

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Relieved to be out of the limelight, April inhaled deeply. She stood outside the entrance to the dojo, listening to the rough sounds of Raphael sparring with a dummy. April opened the door slowly and poked her head in, her hood up enough to conceal the details of her face.

“Raph? You got a minute?” She called softly. Raphael stopped punching, and looked at her strangely, but not unkindly.

“Yeah, I got some time. Just doing some practice.” He said, walking over to the bench and taking a seat. She cracked a new water bottle and handed it to him, and he thanked her with a small nod. “You look like hell. Everything okay?”

April winced. Her confidence definitely didn’t need that right now. “That’s actually what I came to talk to you about.”

“What, fashion advice? You’re barking up the wrong tree, princess.” Raphael laughed wryly.

“No, I meant more like…” April’s breath was shaky, and she shook her head. *I can’t do this. They don’t have to know.* “It’s been a rough night. Had a fight with someone. Just wanted to let off some steam, if that’s okay?”

Raphael regarded her for a moment, and then shrugged. He gestured to the punching bag. “All yours, Ape.”

April loosed a breath. Raphael was the right choice, no talking needed. She could just let it out, get her anger out, and then she’ll never have to think about what happened again. April shrugged off the flannel, catching a chill from the skin that was now exposed. She tugged at her shirt, cursing herself from hours ago for thinking that wearing a tank top was a good idea. But she could move better like this, and that’s all that mattered. If Raphael noticed what she was wearing, he didn’t comment.

April threw a punch. *God, that felt good.* Her wrist was sore, but the pain felt like a nice release. She threw another, relishing in the taught nature of the bag against her hand. This went on for a good few minutes, April grunting with the force of her hits, exerting herself much farther than she knew was smart. This was good. A release. She deserved this.

A few minutes later, April stopped just long enough to catch her breath. A small movement caught her eye, and she jerked her head. *Raphael.* She’d forgotten he was here.

He slowly walked past the punching bag. Almost deliberately.

“So,” Raphael said as he sat down on the bench in the dojo. He had his sai in hand, the sharp metal point glinting threateningly as he spun it slowly. “What happened?”

There was a note of tension in his voice, overpowered by the blatant ferocity and anger at the situation. She hadn’t told the boys anything. They didn’t even know she’d had a date tonight, much less that she was interested in anyone. Not that she was - going out with Caleb tonight was a favor for Irma, more than anything else. To make a close friend happy.

April threw another punch, staying silent. How could she tell him about this? How could she tell any of them? April thought back to earlier in the night…things were rough from the beginning. She’d had so many chances to leave, and yet she didn’t. How could she face the guys after letting this happen?

The dojo was silent, and the only sound was the air whipping through his sai, and April's weak but angered fist hitting the punching bag, not hard enough to move it but with enough force to express her frustration. *Here’s to nothing.*

“I went out on a date tonight. With a guy named Caleb.” April whacked the bag, and this time it swayed just a bit. “It was more of a favor to Irma than anything else - she said he’d seen me in her pictures, and was interested. I wanted to make her happy.”

April paused to catch her breath. Raphael had stopped spinning the sai, frozen but not tuned out. He was listening to her every word.

“It was rough from the beginning. He was late picking me up, and he was *boring*. You know me, Raph - I can make conversation with a brick wall. I could barely make it through two sentences with him, it was like talking to a tree stump! And he kept calling me *dirty* -” Raphael’s head cocked, and she laughed wryly. “Not like that. Literally dirty. I told him about how I have to kill spiders that come through my window, and he said I was dirty for not cleaning my window ever. What does that even mean? Who cleans their window regularly? And when we passed his house he asked if I wanted to meet his dog - and of course I said yes - but I didn’t want to do anything else, and you know how asking your date to come in always implies something a little…”

April held the bag for a second, and glanced at Raph to make sure he understood. With a tight smile, he nodded once. “I getcha, Ape. Keep going.”

She paused for a second, taking a shaky breath. The room seemed to have gotten smaller. She could stop here - she could just put it all behind her, never think of it again. Raphael touched her arm softly, jolting her back to reality.

“Deep breaths,” Raphael’s eyes were calm, though she couldn’t mistake the ice behind it. He nodded his head once, and smiled softly. “Come on, in and out, princess.”

April shook her head slowly, her breath more unstable than before.

“I had told him I needed to leave, and that if he could drive me home now I’d appreciate it. He seemed fine with that, just told me he needed to use the bathroom and then he wanted to show me something in his bedroom - a Beatles poster that we had talked about earlier - the fucking Beatles, man - I hate them - but I wanted to be nice so I said okay, show that to me and then I really do need to go.”

April was rambling now, but there was no other way to get it out. It was all at once or not at all. Her voice wobbled, ripe with indignation and panic, and April hated herself for it. *You’re being silly. This is nothing - you’re stronger than this.* April started up again with the punching bag, ignoring the faint blood stains that each strike left behind. Ignoring the warning signs telling her that it’s time to stop.

Raphael sat on the bench, twirling his sai performatively, but April could see his whole body was tense.

“And then we were in the bedroom, I was just fidgeting with a tchotchke on his dresser, and I heard the door lock - and then he was just on me - and I just -”

April halted, gasping. There was a shooting pain up her wrist, and a stinging in her eyes. Her punching had gotten more rough, and she was pretty sure she had broken a bone - she had already split a few knuckles. She looked over at Raphael. His fist was clenched, an obvious bone in his jaw tensed. Nothing about his stature was forgiving. April sighed, a resolve in her eye letting Raphael know more than he needed to. Closing her eyes, taking a deep breath, she threw a half-hearted punch at the bag, but she wasn’t ready for it, and the force caught her by surprise.

April staggered back a few steps, and suddenly two strong arms caught her. She attempted another step back, but there was no give. She tugged once at her arms, then twice. No dice. The rising panic in her stomach was here - she needed to leave - Caleb was *here* - he was in the room with her, how did he get in? She needed to go *now* - *He’s here* -

April whirled around, and shoved at him with as much force as she could muster, but his grip held tight.

Someone around her was whimpering but April just didn’t have the heart to go check who. She tasted salt in her mouth one moment and in the next, realized she was sobbing. The hands gripping her biceps loosened for just a moment, and April seized it, wrenching herself out of their grip. She took a deep breath, wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, and attempted as much composure as she could muster. When she opened her eyes, she’d be ready to face him. This time, she would be so ready.

April opened her eyes, only to find an incredibly concerned pair of green ones staring back at her. Green. Not the gray-blue ones that she had run from just a few hours ago. Green. Green, like her family. Green, like Raphael. Green eyes…

“Raph,” April breathed, and she felt something crack inside her heart. “Raph, I -” April sank to the ground, bringing her knees up to her chest. Her chest heaved, breathy and hoarse, and it was all she could do not to collapse completely.

Raphael sidled up next to her, putting an arm around April's shoulders. "I know, princess. I've got you." She nestled into his arms, relishing in the familiarity and comfort that his touch brought. Such a stark contrast to the feeling of Caleb's hands on her earlier. Here, she was safe. Raphael would make sure of that, no questions asked. April sobbed into her hands, letting out every bit of wail and weep that she'd stored up inside.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This happens directly after/during the last chapter. I wasn't planning on making this follow up so long, but here it is. Unfinished, unedited... there might still be more. I have a few ideas in mind. Let me know what you'd like to see in the future, I will always take suggestions!

Trigger warnings: victim blaming (self-targeted), rape/non-con, assault, ptsd

Raphael had a crying girl in his arms. How he'd gotten here, he wasn't entirely sure. One moment he was in the dojo, practicing the upper-roundhouse kick that he wanted to use on Mikey, and the next April was crying on the floor and he felt some weird duty to make her stop. April was *crying* , in his *arms,* and it was taking everything in him not to find this *Caleb* and kill him on the spot. Raphael kept his arms firmly around her, only ever shifting to wipe the excess tears that fell onto this thigh.

Unclenching his jaw, Raphael thought back to what April told him about this guy. Some washed-up bozo that Irma has shelled out. And then there was the second part - the part that had April so clearly damaged, unable to talk about it. Piece of shit fucker that felt entitled enough to touch April. And the bruises - those were forming *quick.* From what he could tell, this had only happened a few hours ago, meaning the fight must have been bad.

Raphael had never seen her like this. None of them had. She'd come home several times from a scrimmage with the Foot, banged up and bruised like she was on the verge of death, and she'd still had enough spirit left to beat Mikey in a few rounds of Mario Kart. When she'd fought Karai, April came home bloody and nearly catatonic with exhaustion, but she'd still taken the time to carve out every detail of the story like it was hot gossip. But this…this was different.

Raphael drew in a deep breath, forcing himself still as the rage about what happened to April set in. He *hurt* her. *Against her will* . And clearly, given the already forming bruises that dotted her arms and neck, she put up quite the fight. Raphael wondered whether or not April even knew those were showing - would she have been so casual about it if she did? What did Caleb *do* to her? Raphael mused the possibilities for revenge, relishing in the thought of tearing Caleb limb from limb.

Tightening his arms around her, Raph's body shook just a little from the force of April's sobs. She whimpered once, sniffled, and then -

"I'm sorry," April started, her voice wobbly. She took a deep breath, "I know you probably think I'm being silly. You guys taught me all those moves - I *know better* - I know how to

protect myself - I can't explain it though, Raph, I didn't know what was going on, and -" She paused, and Raphael lifted his hand, swiping his thumb across her cheek, catching a loose tear. "It was just really scary. That sounds so silly, I'm sorry."

April's shoulders sagged, and she let out a pathetic, defeated sigh. "I just feel so *weak.* I've held my own so many times against the Foot," Slowly sinking her head lower, April came to a rest on Raphael's lap. He was strangely warm, given his cold-blooded nature. "Did you know that I begged him? I was crying the whole time. He didn't blink an eye."

Shaky breaths shuddered from her chest, the feeling of panic rising in her throat once again. Raphael's hands drifted towards her hair, the warm, bright orange like a beacon in the dim lighting. Picking up a strand, he began to play with it loosely, relishing in the curiously soft texture against his coarse fingers.

Raphael willed himself calm, knowing that a display of anger was the last thing she needed. She *begged* - April doesn't beg. The April he knows is a fiery, stubborn ass, and he loved her all the more for it. Accepting no for an answer was out of her ballpark, and to think that…to think of her in that position. Where she felt desperate enough to beg… Raphael fisted his hands in her hair and inhaled. Exhaled. Held it for a moment longer, and then -

"You aren't, y'know." Raphael said quietly. It was an effort to keep his temper in check, but he didn't think April could handle an outburst right now. When she didn't respond, he added, "Weak, I mean. You aren't weak. And you're not silly. We both know that."

April shifted, turning to look at him. She studied him for a moment, and then said quietly, "I gave up, after a while. I couldn't fight it anymore. I was terrified, and it paralyzed me." April averted her gaze, feeling her face heat. "It's my fault, Raph. I have no one to blame but myself. I gave up."

The shame in admitting that, to Raphael of all people…he was the one who matched her energy, who never knew when to quit - he was her kindred spirit, in that regard. The lump in her throat seemed to have grown, and April could barely swallow. She sat up, still avoiding his gaze. After a beat, the awkwardness, the tense silence was enough.

"I should probably go," April started. "I just need-"

Raphael grabbed her wrist, his strong hands dwarfing her own. He tugged at her arm, not roughly, just enough to force her to look at him. His green eyes were burning, the rage within them simmering beneath the surface. The breath in her throat caught, and she paused, unable to look away.

"Don't let me hear you say that again." The pure command in his voice started something in her, and she pursed her lips. Who was he to tell her how to think? It's not like *he* was the one who had to go through this - she's sitting here crying - and he's gonna try to tell her what to do? The *nerve,* the sheer *audacity* that he had sometimes -

April opened her mouth to argue. "You don't get to tell me how to feel, that's not *fair -"* April shoved him away, but his grip on her arm held tight, his warm, rough hands firm against her skin. "You weren't there -"

“It’s perfectly fucking fair. He *hurt* you, April - I am going to *kill* him for it - you are ours - *mine* - and no one touches you,” Raphael growled. There was a beat of silence, and then, “It’s not your fault, April. Make *him* take responsibility for what he did.”

Ours. Mine. Raphael had called her…April struggled to find words, her teary eyes locked with Raphael’s own green ones. From the sheer intensity of the moment, to the anger pulsing through her, the room started to feel smaller. April’s chest started rising heavily once again, and Raphael squeezed her hand.

Mint and smoke and pine flooded her nose, and she blinked, registering just how close Raphael was to her. She’d never realized just how much bigger than her Raphael was. His broad shoulders were rigid, tense with anger. She looked up at him and tried not to think about how warm, how safe she felt. How she should be feeling uneasy, especially given her circumstances just a few hours ago. She pulled her hand from his grasp, and then placed her hand on his chest, pushing slightly. Just enough for him to take a step back. She wondered why part of her felt disappointed, rather than relieved.

Raphael’s green eyes searched her own, the icy rage still flickering, restrained. But there was something else there, she realized. Concern, anger, and something else unreadable. He shifted towards her slightly. “April, please -”

“I think…” April blurted, her hand still on his plastron. “I need to be alone. I just need… please don’t touch me. I can’t handle that right now.”

Raphael let go of her like he’d been burned, eyes unreadable. He stayed a step or two away, trying to give her the distance she needed. “Okay, whatever you need.” He said, nodding slowly. Raphael wasn’t sure how to proceed.

There were a few moments of silence. *You are ours* - mine - *and no one touches you.* She frowned. The room suddenly felt a lot smaller. She turned her head, searching for some sort of relief, some sort of escape - but there is no escape. This was bad enough, telling Raph, having to deal with the aftermath now that the guys know - but what about after? What about at school? She’d have to go into school on Monday and what - play pretend in the hallway? April’s throat seized at the thought of seeing him again, those blue eyes that belonged to a pure predator. April opened her mouth and then closed it again. Her hand found its way to the silver necklace at the base of her neck, fidgeting with the pearl charm. She looked at Raphael, and cocked her head, tears brimming.

Raphael stepped towards her, their bodies close enough to be dangerous. He placed his hands gently on her shoulders, and when she didn’t recoil, he curled his fingers around her bicep, firmly. “What is it? How can I help you?”

“I…I have to see him again,” April looked at Raph, her eyes a mess of panic and tears. “I have to see him again. In school. I can’t tell Irma about this, it would kill her. I don’t know if I can do this - Raph - I have to *see him again* - ”

April’s sobs were coming back quick, and she curled herself inward, trying to stop the sharp pain in her chest. Raphael shook her gently, forcing their eyes to meet. Cupping her cheek with one hand, he searched the blotchy, sniffly face of the girl in front of him.

“Hey, hey, hey…look at me, sweetheart.” Raphael breathed, cradling her face in his hand. “You’re safe. He’s not getting near you again.”

April sniffled, and whispered, “But what if -”

“No. I’m not entertaining any what-ifs. You have the guys, and *you have me.* I’d kill myself to protect you.” Raphael said, eyes blazing. After a beat, he added, “And my brothers would too. Don’t forget that.”

Cradling her face in his hands, Raphael was shocked at the sheer size difference. He’d never realized just how delicate April was, how easily breakable. That didn’t make him feel better - how big a piece of shit Caleb must be to hurt her like this. Raphael ran his thumb across her cheek in a slow, back and forth. Her skin was warm and soft, slightly tacky from the tears she’d shed.

April was silent for a moment, searching his eyes for sincerity. Then, she lurched towards Raph and wrapped her arms around him, and he cradled her tightly. “Thank you, Raph.”

April relished in the warmth, the security. There was a ghost of the panic she had been feeling, a single voice in the back of her mind warning not to let him touch her, that it’s dangerous. But this was Raphael. Strong, muscled arms wrapped around her, and the scent of jasmine and pine swirled around her like a familiar hug. This is safety, she told herself. There’s no danger here.

April allowed herself a few moments more, and then pulled away slowly, not wanting to take up any more time than she already had. She looked around the room, and spotted the cubbies where they’d stored a few extra changes of clothes for practice. Raphael followed her gaze, and understanding clicked once he saw the target.

“I think that’s a good idea,” He murmured. “Come on. You take all the time you need.” Raphael rubbed her bicep once more, and looked at her, gaze guarded but sincere. “Tell me what I can do to help you, sweetheart.”

April exhaled deeply, feeling so tired suddenly. Her whole body was sore, and something deep in her bones ached. It was becoming a chore to even hold herself up, the exhaustion finally winning over adrenaline.

“I’m crashing,” April admitted, letting herself slouch a bit. “I’d just like to shower, and then rot for a bit. Is that okay? I texted my aunt, she’s not expecting me home for a while.”

“You can have anything you want, April. I’ll make it happen.”

April released a breath, enjoying how her lungs slowly caved in, feeling the weight on her shoulders lessen.

“I think…” She said slowly, considering her options. “I think I just want to sit here for a moment.” April scooted back against the wall, knees to her chest, and let her head thud softly back. “I just want to be by myself. I’m sorry if that means kicking you out of the dojo, but your work here is done. I won’t bother you with this again, Raph.”

Raphael opened his mouth to argue, but paused when he saw her face. *Pick your battles, man.* Now was not the time. He nodded once, gave April a small rub on the head, and exited quietly from the dojo, his mind racing.

Raphael considered the scene - him finding Caleb and tearing him limb from limb. He smiled slightly at the thought, and knew that his brothers would get just as much satisfaction from the thought as he did. April - the only girl he'd ever known, and somehow the one person that this family needed most. April was *theirs* - and no one else's. Their sister, their friend, their *person.* God save anyone who threatened her.

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